

Anti-Slavery Office,

New York, 14 March, 1862.

My Dear Garrison,

26. I am glad you returned  
Mr. Rose's heterogeneous collection of  
portraits. It was a piece of  
impertinence in him, I think, to  
send it you, with a demand for  
pay. If I had known what  
sort of job he had in view,  
I certainly should not have sat  
for my own picture, <sup>nor</sup> lent  
my card photographs of you  
and Mr. Phillips. He's a  
well-meaning, but weak  
brother. Such a collection! It



is distasteful to me in every respect, and I, too, declined to purchase the copy urged upon me; and ~~so~~ I hope ~~with~~ Mr. Phillips will follow our example.

There may seem to casual readers to be a serious difference of opinion between the Liberator and the Standard in respect to the President's message; but the difference is only in this, that you have criticised that message in the light of absolute justice, dwelling exclusively upon those features of it which I see, <sup>a lament</sup> in common with you; while I have



deemed it better to look at it in comparison with the dark past, and found it to be a step in advance by an Administration from which we had begun to despair of anything good. It is impossible, of course, to answer your argument; but I confess I think Phillips's view of the matter the wiser.

I am sorry, very sorry, that you are for any reason constrained to decline the invitation to Washington. If <sup>the</sup> ~~your~~ state of your health forbids you to speak in public, of course you ought to say no; but ~~if~~



unless that or some other equally im-  
perative reason forbids, I certainly  
think you ought not leave such  
an opportunity unimproved. You  
thought it would not be safe  
for Mr. Phillips to go to Wash-  
ington, and perhaps you may  
have similar apprehensions in  
regard to yourself. In this I think  
you greatly misjudge. Indeed, I  
believe <sup>that</sup> either you or he would be  
quite as safe in Washington, or any  
place this side, as in Boston. The  
moral effect of a speech delivered  
at the Capital if you would be  
grand. Do not decline, I pray you,  
unless constrained by ill-health.

With ever-growing love,

Yours for breaking every chain,  
Oliver Johnson